



# The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, with others.

King.

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Finde we a time for frightened Peace to pant,  
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:  
No more the thrifty entrance of this Soile,  
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:  
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,  
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes  
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,  
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,  
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,  
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.  
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,  
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
We are impress'd and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leue,  
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,  
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,  
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete  
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse,  
But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,  
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:  
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,  
What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My Liege: This haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the Charge set downe  
But yesternight: when all aſwart there came  
A Poſt from Wales, laden with heavy Newes;  
Whose worſt was, That the Noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight  
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,  
And a thouſand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was ſuch miſale,  
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſſe transformation,  
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be  
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.

*King.* It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy land.  
*West.* This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,  
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hoſpurre there,  
Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,  
That euer valiant and approoued Scot,  
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend  
A ſad and bloody houre:  
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,  
And ſhape of likely hood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,  
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

*King.* Heere is a deere and true induſtrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horſe,  
Strain'd with the variation of each ſoyle,  
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours:  
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcomes newes,  
The Earle of Douglas is diſcomfited,  
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights  
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter ſee  
On Holmedons Plaines. Of Priſoners, Hoſpurre tooke  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Atholl,  
Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha Coſin, is it not? Infaith it is.  
*West.* A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of:  
*King.* Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, & mak'ſt me ſin,  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne:  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;  
Among'ſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,  
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:  
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,  
See Ryot and Diſhonor ſtaine the brow  
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,  
That ſome Night-tripping-Faery, had exchang'd  
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

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Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze  
Of this yong Percies pride? The Priſoners  
Which he in this aduerture hath ſurpriz'd,  
To his owne uſe he keepes, and ſends me word  
I ſhall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.  
*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceſter  
Malevolent to you in all Aſpects:  
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and bristle vp  
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.  
*King.* But I haue ſent for him to anſwer this:  
And for this cauſe a-while we muſt neglect  
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.  
Coſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold  
At Windſor, and ſo informe the Lords:  
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,  
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.  
*West.* I will my Liege.

Exeunt

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Fal-  
ſaffe, and Pointz.

*Fal.* Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

*Prince.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde  
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping  
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haſt forgotten  
to demand that truly, which thou wouldeſt truly know.  
What a diuell haſt thou to do with the time of the day?  
vntleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,  
and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the ſignes  
of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire  
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taſſata; I ſee no reaſon,  
why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the  
time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that  
take Purſes, go by the Moone and ſeuene Starres, and not  
by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight ſo faire. And I  
prythee ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue  
thy Grace, Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt  
haue none.

*Prin.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, not ſo much as will ſerue to be Prologue to  
an Egge and Butter.

*Prin.* Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry then, ſweet Wagge, when thou art King,  
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd  
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianas Forre-  
ſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;  
and let men ſay, we be men of good Government, being  
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the  
Moone, vnder whose countenance we ſeale.

*Prin.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the  
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and  
flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the  
Moone: as for prooſe. Now a Purſe of Gold moſt reſo-  
lutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely  
ſpent on Tueſday Morning; got with ſwearing, Lay by:  
and ſpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe  
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow  
as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fal.* Thou ſay'ſt  
the Tauerne a mo  
*Prin.* As is the  
not a Buſſe ſerkin  
*Fal.* How now  
quips and thy qu  
with a Buſſe. Ier  
*Prin.* Why, v  
ſeſſe of the Tauer  
*Fal.* Well, the  
time and oft.  
*Prin.* Did I e  
*Fal.* No, Ile g  
*Prin.* Yea and  
ſtretch, and when  
*Fal.* Yea, and  
that thou art Hei  
ſhall there be Ga  
art King? and reſ  
ſlie curbe of old  
when thou art a  
*Prin.* No, the  
*Fal.* Shall I  
*Prin.* Thou in  
haue the hanging  
Hangman.  
*Fal.* Well Ha  
my humour, as  
you.

*Prin.* For ob  
*Fal.* Yea, for  
man hath no lea  
Gyb-Cat, or a lug  
*Prin.* Or an  
*Fal.* Yea, or th  
*Prin.* What fi  
of Moore-Ditch  
*Fal.* Thou ha  
deed the moſt co  
But Hal, I prythe  
thou and I knew  
were to be boug  
me the other day  
him not, and yet  
him not, and yet

*Prin.* Thou d  
*Fal.* O, thou h  
able to corrupt a  
to me Hal, God  
Hal, I knew noth  
truly little bette  
uer this life, and  
Villaine. Ile be  
ſtendome.

*Prin.* Where  
*Fal.* Where  
not, call me Vill  
*Prin.* I ſee a g  
Praying, to Pur  
*Fal.* Why, Ha  
man to labour in  
Pointz. Now  
Watch. O, if m  
in Hell were hot  
potent Villaine,  
*Prin.* Good